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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. V.—No. 242.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]



SLOPER, THE SAUSAGER.

"In spite of the publication of his 'CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS,' Poor Papa has found time to invent a Patent Sausage Machine, which has been working at the Cattle Show all the week. It's very simple. You put a live pig in one side, that is if you can get him in, and by turning a handle the pork sausages come out the other end all ready cooked. The idea is for everyone to be his own sausage-maker, and have the machine in your dining-room as an ornament. The dear Dook says they talk of turning it into a public company, with Billy as Managing Director. 'Sloper's Sausage Co., Limited,' sounds awfully taking, I think."—TOOTSIE.

THE ORDER OF THINGS REVERSED.



1. "Eh? what? what's that?" said the dutiful son. "You'll warm me up? Down on your knees, and beg for mercy."



2. "Why should you black my boots, do you say? Why? Ha, ha! Because you are my father, of course. Hurry up!"



3. "You careless scoundrel! To think that I should have such a reckless father! Off to bed at once, sir!"

WHO KILLED THE HUSBAND?

In a number of *Punch*; or, *The London Charivari*, published in January, 1842, in a notice of a new play, the critic says:—"Madame Lafarge, the sentimental courtesane, the ingenious thief, the chaste heroine of the marriage office, the accomplished systematiser of the art of poisoning husbands, the cunning, impertinent criminal, the demon in petticoats, but nevertheless the reigning deity of the morbid morality of gallant France—Marie Lafarge, compared with whom Madame Brinvilliers was an angel of benevolence and a pattern of virtue, has been manufactured at the Surrey into a victim of injured innocence, the most modest of maidens, the best of wives, the gentlest of criminals."

The opinion here expressed as to Madame Lafarge's guilt was not seemingly a popular one, and in the first number of the *London Journal*, published 1st of March, 1845, is given an account of Lafarge's murder, the truth of which is vouched for, and which throws a strange light upon the story told in our last week's paper. Briefly the account amounts to this.

Charles Lafarge, an ironmaster, took for his second wife a fascinating young Frenchwoman, named Marie Capelle. At the time he was in pecuniary difficulties, and to tide matters over, had been raising money on forged bills of exchange, and in turn replacing these by other bills, bearing the signatures of persons who had no existence. His confederate in these transactions was one Denis Barbier, his

confidential clerk. Upon the property of his second wife, Lafarge raised more money, and the investments made at length placed his ironworks in a most prosperous condition, seeing which, Barbier conceived the idea of securing to himself at least a part of the property. The murder of his master was necessary, and circumstances led him to select Lafarge's own mother as his accomplice, and to obtain her help in throwing the whole weight of suspicion on to Marie, thus clearing her, too, from his path.

Madame Lafarge, the mother, a woman of imperious disposition, was highly incensed by her son's second marriage, and determined not to resign her sway over the household without a hard struggle. Although in her heart she hated the bride, she, nevertheless, received her with open arms. Marie, however, may have doubted her; at any rate, scarcely had she been in the house four hours—a gloomy, old-fashioned, cold, and cheerless habitation in a wild, bleak, desolate part of the country—when, in a fit of despair, resulting from the conviction that she had been married only for her money, and that Lafarge had deceived her with respect to his immense possessions, she wrote him a letter, saying she could not live with him. Her husband was bewildered on reading its contents, but on his rushing to her room, she threw herself into his arms, and implored him to forgive her, saying she must have been mad when she wrote.

From this time she showed him every affection, and manifested great interest in his business. On his making a journey to Paris, she wrote to him every day, and on one occasion made and intended to send him a cake. For this cake, it is asserted, the mother substituted one impregnated with arsenic. The poison, however, had not a fatal effect, but Lafarge's return home was the signal for the continuation of the murderous plot. A secret passage beneath the old chateau communicated with Lafarge's bedroom. On his arrival he fell ill and slept alone, the old woman persuading Marie not to sit up with him. Then by the passage the mother gained access to the bedside while he slept, and drugged the drink placed there, of which in the morning Marie invariably gave to him. On one occasion she made and poisoned a posset, and before witnesses ingeniously contrived to make Marie declare that she herself had made it.

Marie had been entrusted with some diamonds belonging to a certain Countess de Leotaud, a friend of hers, residing in Paris, and to whom it was necessary that they should be conveyed with the utmost secrecy and discretion, and Barbier was instructed to forward them in a sealed packet; but when presently Lafarge, having died in excruciating agony, and his widow accused by the mother of his murder, the diamonds were secreted in one of her boxes of clothes, and she was accused also of the theft, and was tried and sentenced for the greater crime to imprisonment for life.

Whether the above statement is really the truth, it is difficult to say; at any rate, after twelve years' imprisonment, Marie Lafarge was released from prison, and Barbier, the chief witness against her, had meanwhile been convicted of robbing a merchant with whom he had sought employment. Dr. Strauss, in his "Reminiscences of a Bohemian," asserts his conviction of her innocence, and relates how the medical witnesses strove in vain to have her sentence reversed.

"William," said Alexandry.

"Alexandry," said William.

"Gals is mostly all alike, ain't they, William—old 'uns and young 'uns?"

"Bad lots, both, Alexandry, but the young 'uns are p'raps pleasanter company, if there must be either."

(Next week, "A Murderous Marchioness.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course. Correspondents wishing their MSS. or sketches to be returned should enclose stamps for that purpose.

J. L. M.—You are right, dear boy, they may. Proceed; you have our blessing.—J. D. LONGSTAFF (Liverpool).—Plenty of tickers have been given in your town, and plenty more will doubtless find their way there.—DICK.—1. You are in far too great a hurry for a Watch, but you will get one in time, no doubt; 2. We accept all Replies with thanks; 3. As regards the "Award," your only way to obtain it is to compete in some of our Prize Competitions.—T. BROWN (Ipswich).—Thanks, but Noah used to amuse him by whilst in the Ark by asking that self-same riddle with regard to his own nasal organ.—F. B.—We cannot inform you.—O. M. A.—Send your advertisement up again, then, and don't be in too much of a hurry about the Watch. Remember, everything comes to him who waits.—W. J. M. (Wivenhoe).—About the 30.—JOHN EVANS (Aldershot).—There's a good time coming, John, wait a little longer.—GOOD OLD DRURY.—Received all right, so be happy.—W. W. (43A Radnor Street, S.E.).—Glad you take a sensible view of the matter, everyone can't be successful at once, you know.—HARRY PRICE (Carlisle).—No, on a slip of paper which you can enclose.—WM. TURNER (201 Ashfield Road, Rochdale).—Yes, you may do so if you like, we have no rule on the subject.

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99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* The List will close this day, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15TH, 1888.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"HALLO, ALLY! Heard of my robbery?" asked Iky Mo, who has excused himself from paying his rent on account of a supposititious burglary. "No, who have you robbed now?" said the Eminent.

A GOOD old writer says that "old horses should be driven by old people, for it is only those who suffer from rheumatism themselves who can thoroughly sympathize with the spavins of others."

"I WILL give you to understand, ma'am, that my husband keeps his carriage," said Mrs. Nouveau Riche. "So I have heard, madam, and some coal waggons also, does he not?" replied Mrs. Fursang.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 242.—The "Little Jewel" Costume.



"Too old, too old for soup. What is to become of me now the aldermen have cast me off for ever? Nothing is left for me, I suppose, but to turn masher, and quiz the girls."



Bather. Have you seen my trousers? Boy. No, sir. Are you certain you brought them with you?



AT THE CATTLE SHOW.

Fatjog. So jolly, yer know, the Cattle Show—come across so many old friends, and one thing and another.
Pert One (saucily). Well, you shouldn't turn your back on them, Mr. Fatjog, it isn't courteous.
Fatjog. Eh? What?

(Turns round amidst giggling.)



DOWN ON THE NAIL.
This hammerous young man takes great pains with his nailing and wailing.



ALLY has sworn to put drink "down." He is now thinking of commencing at once.

How ridiculous it is to imagine that steam engines and propellers are modern inventions. Why, even the old *Victory*, when it went into action in Trafalgar Bay had its crew!

"I'm awfully sorry, Muggins, but I can't use that article of yours. Why every word of it is in a book on the shelf up there," said the Editor. "I—I—I'm ve-ve-very s-s-sorry to hear that! Wh-wh—what book is it in?" stammered Muggins, turning very pale.
[Editor rises and gravely hands him a dictionary, and Muggins goes on his way rejoicing.]

"You have not sifted the cinders again this morning, Jane," said a lady. "I bought you a cinder-sifter on purpose. Why don't you use it?" "Please, mum, I'm afraid of making it dirty, if I put all them nasty black ashes into it," replied simple Jane.

THE boy exclaimed, with a flush of pride,

"Mamma, I have broken a horse!"

"And he's never even learned to ride,"

But he takes it from me, of course."

But some two hours later, when she found

Her best clothes—horse-broken—rather!

She said, as her lovely teeth she ground,

"Oh! how like his careless father!"

"PROVE it mathematically, my boy," remarked Mr. Sharpshins.

"Figures never lie, you know," "Oh, don't they!" said his son.

"Look at Sister Jane's figure; that cotton wool ain't all true, you know."

City Police Station. Enter Grave Stranger.

Stranger. I have a serious complaint to make, inspector. There is a portion of the City that is full of thieves, pickpockets, and bad characters, and which an ordinary passenger cannot traverse even in daylight without being accompanied by a police officer.

Inspector. That is a very grave accusation to make, sir. What part of the City are you alluding to?

Stranger. To that part which is bounded by the Old Bailey, Newgate Street, Ludgate Hill, and Warwick Street.

Inspector. Good Heavens, sir! Why—oh-h-h, you mean Newgate Prison! Constable, show this gentleman out.

"COULD you give me any advice, Mrs. Badgerer, how to get Charlie home early at night?" said a young married woman. "Always sit up for him, my dear," answered the astute Mrs. Badgerer, "and let him know that you're done so. If that won't do it, nothing will."

"I WAS an ear, but not an eye-witness of the assault," said the fellow who heard the plaintiff knocked down, but did not see the blow. "A near but not a high witness," repeated the Judge, angrily. "What does the fellow mean? I'll sentence him to a month's imprisonment for contempt of court."

ALAS, poor "jolly!" I don't envy thee thy lot.

'Tis an arduous fate, indeed, that thou hast got;

For first 'tis "jolly" hot, and then 'tis "jolly" cold—

Then he's "jolly" miserable, then he's "jolly" old.

Then it's a "jolly" nuisance, and a "jolly" ball,

A very "jolly" supper, and a "jolly" shawl;

Alice is a "jolly" girl, Faust a "jolly" play,

Something a "jolly" shame, and 'tis a "jolly" day.

There'll be a "jolly" row—he's a "jolly" fellow,

I'm "jolly" sad because the pear's "jolly" mellow;

Then, of course, I'm "jolly" hoarse, and I'm "jolly" glad,

And with much more "jolly"-ing I'll be "jolly" mad.

THERE must be something in Homeopathy after all, for we are constantly discovering the truth of its motto, *Similia similibus curantur*. For instance, there is nothing in the world so good for restoring an impaired lawn dress as a laundress.

Visitor. Ah, my dear, you may well grieve for him! You'll never get another husband like poor John.

Afflicted Widow (sobbing). Perhaps not; but I—I—I'll try.

"WHAT sort of water have you got down in your part of the country, Mr. Bumpkin," inquired Ladder. "Well, it's a bit thick; but I've rigged up a filter, lately, and it's better now," replied Bumpkin. "Oh, indeed! What do you use, charcoal?" asked Ladder. "Oh, no. I made it out of a cane-bottomed chair."

"WHY don't you try the cold water cure, Mr. O'Flaherty?" asked SLOPER's cashier. "Sure and Oi don't belave in it, thin," said O'Flaherty. "Luke at the Deluge. That was the biggest cold water cure we've iver had, and, bedad, it killed more than it cured."

Last Generation. "Strike when the iron is hot," was always my motto, my son.

Present Generation. I know a better one than that, father—"Keep on striking, and you'll make the iron hot for yourself."

WILL some kind reader who has suffered be good enough to tell us which is the worst:—To be interrupted just as you are about to kiss your best girl, or to discover, after you have gone through the delightful operation, that someone has witnessed it.

WHAT a glorious thing is old blue blood

And old blue mouldy cheese!

And old blue china, dating from the Flood,

Hardly ever fails to please.

How very lovely, too, are azure eyes—

Half serious, half mocking!

Extremely beautiful are deep-blue skies,

But save us from the stocking.

"I SAY, Alexandry," exclaimed Bill Higgins, mysteriously. "I believe my dad committed bigamy." "Oh! wot a lark," cried Alexandry, joyfully, "we'll have him up for it, eh! How did you find it out?" "Why, I was looking through the old Bible to see if there were any five-pound notes in it, when I saw on the first leaf, 'Married Anno Domini,' and then came the date. Well, I know mother's name was Jane Spriggins; so he must have done it, mustn't he?"

THERE is a Yankee in London—we dare not be more explicit—who is keeping up the well-earned reputation of his countrymen for veracity. "Did I find it hot up the Persian Gulf?" he observed the other evening, in reply to a question. "You bet I did; just to give you some idea of the heat, we had an ice-making machine on board, and one day, about noon, I brought a lump of ice on deck, and do you know, stranger, before that ice had time to melt, the sun had burnt a thick brown crust all over it. It's a fact."

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

The next picture offered to the readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is a large oil painting by W. B. WOLLEY, measuring 26 ft. 6 in. x 5 ft. 6 in., in a handsome gold frame, representing the Storming of the *Motee Mahal*, Lucknow, and the

HEROIC DEED OF CAPTAIN (NOW VISCOUNT) WOLSELEY.

All that has to be done is to make ONE APPLICATION ONLY, by sending an Envelope with this announcement enclosed, together with the Name and Address of the Applicant, any time before December 31st.

Address—"ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* This Picture will shortly be on View.

TOOTSIE AT THE BRIGHTON ALHAMBRA.

It is awfully jolly just now down at Brighton. The weather has been altogether without reproach.



Flirting in the stalls.

at our heels. But such was not to be, and, at the end of the third day, who should we see grinning and nodding at us from the pavement of the King's Road but the full-blown Billy, and of all persons in the world, that wretched rag of an Alexandry, wearing a weird semblance of a moulting masher. It is sickening!

By what means they procured their railway fares, and how they propose to live if they intend to stay longer than the day, we neither know nor care, and we do not mean to part with a sixpenny-piece.

A trip to the Queen of Watering Places is very delightful at this time of year. There surely could not be a pleasanter or more safely rapid journey than that from Victoria, after the theatre, at 11.55, on Saturday night, lasting but an hour and ten minutes—not half time enough to well talk over the latest scandal. To have been in smoky-choky-London-Super-Thames, and find yourself among the fresh breezes of London-Super-Mare in little over an hour, is an enjoyable sensation, I can tell you.

Brighton residents have a way of bemoaning the decline and fall of Brighton, but somehow Brighton seems still, for all that, to go on and prosper. It may be that the fair Miss Hovey has left it for Bath, and that everybody could not get an invite to the Ladies' Ball, and that there was much colliding or improper-bumping among the polkaists at the first Pavilion Ball, and that the other day, between three o'clock and a quarter past one, a tender-footed old gentleman, taking his constitutional totter in the sun, may have had his toes run over by fifty-two perambulators. It may be that these things, or even worse, may happen. Say, for instance, that genial Major Shaft may take too sanguine a view of matrimonial responsibilities, and rush the whole Rifle Corps pell-mell to the altar, or that at the next hairdressing exhibition an artiste, though he be a master of his craft, may burn half a dozen locks off the head of a young lady, "especially chosen" in his efforts to achieve an ALLY(SLOPER)gorical head-dress.

Yet still, even then people will keep on coming down and enjoying themselves muchly at Brighton. Brighton was never one of those seaside places that die right out, as it were, after tea-time, and now, in addition to Mrs. Nye Chart's always-entertaining bill of fare, and the Aquarium, and Oxford, have we not the palatial Alhambra, so artistically embellished, so comfortably seated, and with an ever-improving list of music-hall talent?

Did I not see there, only yesterday, the Jackey Wonders, the Knockabouts Doyle and Dermott, the sable, entertaining Pierce and Monaghan, the thaumaturgical, wonder-working André, the enchanting Alice Leamar, and bewitching Sisters Schofield, and others—and still others, even to Jennion's Marvellous Marionettes? Did I not meet, too, in the stalls, with one of the jolliest of fellows (one of the 11th Hussars), who very kindly lent me his programme? Billy, somehow, got a box, and that wretched Lardi and miserable Tottie lowered themselves sufficiently to take a seat in it with him, but they paid for their own ices and biscuits. As to that Alexandry—but there is really no more room in this column for such a thing as Alexandry.



Alexandry going it.

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TWENTY SLOPER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK To Purchasers of ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:— THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," December 15th, 1888.

Name _____
Address _____
Age _____
Occupation, if any _____
How many times applied _____
How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday" _____

The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, December 19th, 1888. The Result of the Competition of December 8th, 1888, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY," for December 22nd, 1888.

123rd WEEK.

RESULT OF DECEMBER 1st COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded

"SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. GEORGE FRIER, Sergeant Instructor, 1st London R.V., 48 Finsbury Pavement. Age, 37 years. Subscriber—since August, 1884. LONDON.
2. WILLIAM JONES, Publican, 18 Montrell Road, Streatham Hill. Age, 37 years. Subscriber—since commencement. LONDON.
3. E. T. HAYKINS, Postman, 71 Field Road, Forest Gate. Age, 25 years. Subscriber—3 years. LONDON.
4. H. ADAMSON, Beerhouse Keeper, "The Greyhound." Age, 29 years. Subscriber—about 2 years. CATERHAM VALLEY.
5. BENJAMIN MIDDLEDITCH, Builder and Innkeeper, "Compasses Inn," Stanfield. Age, 34 years. Subscriber—2 years, 2 months. CLARE.
6. EMIL STANJEH, Clerk, 111 Kieler Strasse. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—since July, 1887. HAMBURG.
7. T. E. LAW, Clerk, G.E.R. Age, 16 years. Subscriber—18 months. STONEA.
8. ELIZABETH LILLY, Schoolgirl, Tullington Station. Age, 11 years. Subscriber—2 years. STAMFORD.
9. ALFRED WEBB, Breweryman. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—since February, 1887. WICKWAK (Glos.).
10. THOMAS MIDDLEMASS, Tailor's Apprentice, Woodend. Age, 15 years. Subscriber—over 24 years. WINCHBURGH.
11. WALTER BUTTON, Accountant's Clerk, 13 Roper Street. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—2 years, 27 weeks. BARNSELEY.
12. ALFRED C. TOWNSEND, Gas Clerk, Hillfield Villa, Hampton Road. Age, 43 years. Subscriber—3 years. BIRMINGHAM.
13. ALFRED CRUMPTON, Club Steward, County Club. Age, 37 years. Subscriber—since June, 1884. DENBIGH.
14. WALTER BARKEH, Army pensioner, Alun Bank. Age, 56 years. Subscriber—nearly 4 years. MOLD.
15. JAMES LANCASTER, Agent, 3 Adelaide Villas, Joscelyn Road. Age, 29 years. Subscriber—since commencement. RICHMOND.
16. FREDERICK W. TERRY, Grocer, Prince's Place, Deles Road. Age, 32 years. Subscriber—since December, 1886. ROCHESTER.
17. KEZIA MORRIS, Dress-maker, West View, West Street. Age, 25 years. Subscriber—3 years, 5 weeks. RYDE.
18. AARON NORTON, Bootmaker, High Street. Age, 53 years. Subscriber—since 1888. SHIFNAL.
19. AMY JONES, Schoolgirl, 4 Langdale Terrace, Mill Lane. Age, 12 years. Subscriber—since commencement. STOCKTON-ON-TEES.
20. CHARLES LATCHFORD, Hairdresser. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—since commencement. WHEATHAMSTEAD.

SLOPER'S SOCIAL SONNETS. NO. 8.—THE THIEVES' SUPPER.

I'm sitting in the Mission Hall.
With rich and poor, and big and small;
I've just got down the beef and tea—
So who so pleased and proud as me!

Upon the platform just before
Are swells and swellees galore;
The merry minutes never flag
Watching the converted "lag."

I own I'm not what I might be,
I've no respect for s. d.;
Sometimes, too, it's strange to say,
From priggish I can't keep away.

See now on the platform rise
A splendid swell with upturned eyes;
My—I swear I know that face—
To think of him in this here place.

Why, years ago, sir, him and me
Went out on many a jolly spree;
Worked together in the shop,
Off together had a drop.

Artful, I should think, was Jack,
Knew to turn on ev'ry tack;
Once we did a little thing—
About that he'd not care to sing.

But he was artful, as I said,
He could always get his bread;
Ay, his bread and butter, too—
Jack, he knew a thing or two.

He's got up and I've got down.
I wonder, now, what sort o' frown
He'd give if I but chanced to say,
"Come, Jacky, how d'ye do to-day?"

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to:—

"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelopes. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Answers cannot be guaranteed within fourteen days, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

HE WAS REWARDED.

TOM SALLOUS was a good-looking young grocer, and the only son and heir of his father, one of the stoutest patriachs that ever squeezed behind a counter. Tom was engaged to a very pretty girl, too, so he ought to have been contented enough, but he wasn't. For, alas, he loved another.

But she was poor—only a curly-headed, blue-eyed little improver at a dress-making establishment—and old Salloous would have had a fit if he had heard of such a thing. So Tom languished. Even twopenny cigars lost their flavour, and billiards their charm, for the wedding day was coming closer, and he hadn't courage to speak up.

His last free Sunday afternoon came, and he went to Harriet's.

Her mother kept a bakery. Harriet opened the door to Tom, and they went into the little parlour. Tom put his arm round Harriet's waist, and they sat down on the sofa in this lover-like attitude, one of them, at least, feeling very miserable.

"So we're to be married on Saturday," he said at last.

Harriet dumped her head down on his shoulder and began to sob. "Tom, dear," she said, "I've got to tell you something as'll break your heart. We can never be married."

"Never be married!"

"Not as I don't love you," went on Harriet, "but this is it. When I was at school, I fell in love with the drawing-master. We were engaged, and I wrote him lots of foolish letters, and once I signed a paper, promising as I'd have nobody but him for my husband. It's years since I saw him, and I thought him dead, but now—now he's turned up, and he says he can make me keep my word. He's cunning. He knows I've got money, and—I'm very miserable."

"There'll be no wedding on Saturday, father," said Tom, later on.

"You young dog?" said old Salloous. "What have you been up to?"

"Nothing," said Tom, and explained. Old Salloous was in a terrible rage, but there was no wedding on Saturday. The neighbours hinted queer things. Harriet went about, with red eyes, on the arm of a little foreign-looking man who was as jealous as Othello. It really was the girl, and not her money, he was after; but he said he would and could have the money, if the girl wouldn't have him. He had her written promise, witnessed and all, and any jury would give him damages. All this time Tom and pretty little Mary were very happy, you may be sure.

Two months went by. It was Bank Holiday, and the Gravesend steamers were crowded. Tom and Mary had got a snug corner aft, and were seated together.

Suddenly there was a cry, "Man overboard!" and everybody rushed to the side.

A black speck was bobbing up and down in the steamer's wake. A gentleman pulled off his coat, jumped overboard, and swam for it. Tom was a good swimmer. Not to be outdone, he pulled off his coat, and did the same thing. It was quite a race between the rescuers, and Tom reached the man first.

"Steady!" he cried. "Don't hold my arm—catch me by the collar!" But the man was too frightened to understand, and Tom was half drowned when the boat reached them.

"Patient wants to thank you," said the doctor. "Plucky rescue. Congratulate you, sir." Tom went down to the cabin.

It was the drawing-master—his rival—sitting up in blankets and looking very weak. Harriet sat beside him.

"You have save me," said the drawing-master, "and I have the gratitude. I have rob you of your wife, but you save me all the same. You are noble—gallant. See!"—he pressed into Tom's hand a soaked bundle of letters—"I give you these. When Harriet write them, she love me. Now she love me no longer. I show you that I can be noble, too. Take her. She is yours. I resign my claim."

Harriet burst into tears, and threw herself into Tom's arms.

Well, they were married a fortnight afterwards, and poor, pretty Mary cried her eyes out.

"If I only had not been in such a confounded hurry to show my pluck," thought poor Tom.

He has hated the sight of the water ever since. So has the drawing-master.



"You have save me."

HE WANTS MEDICAL ADVICE, TOO!



Doctor (dreamily). You say you suffer also from absence of mind? Well—er—you must keep early hours, drink only a little burgundy, and—er—er—smoke less. I beg your pardon!



THE MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY.

"I'm beautiful, of course, that's seen
By anyone who eyes have got;
I'm sure I'm fit to reign as Queen—
But I'm afraid that's not my lot."

MOST UNTOOTHOSOME.



"You never provide toothpicks here, waiter?"
"No, sir; the gents used to take them away after they had used them."

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 56.—MISS FRANCES COVENTRY.

"Alas! ah me, and well-a-day! I sigh for love, and well I may."
—The Dook Snook.

"A maid so fairly famed, won't very long remain unclaimed."
—Lord Bob.

"Look at her face, gaze at her form; now, is she not one of
Nature's masterpieces?"
—The Hon. Billy.

MADAME TIDDLER.—A WICKED STORY.

(By the Author of "The Mystery of a Perambulator.")



1. A weird, ragged, rock-bound, Dore-like coast; in the sky, a huge black cloud, curiously resembling a human hand raised in astonishment at the intrepidity of two occupants of a boat that was nearing the inhospitable shore. "Yonder is our easy road to fortune!" cried the younger, who was calmly smoking a cigarette in the stern while the other laboured with the oars. "Pull away, there!"



2. Madame Tiddler, the prosperous owner of the Colly-wolly mine, received the two men in her country house. "So you want work, M. Vandal Houpla?" said she. "Something light, and of trust, madame," said he, casting his scintillating eye at her. Madame blushed. "And your companion, what says he?" she asked. "He is dumb, madame; so I answer for him: anything in the heavy, laborious way will suit him."



3. Sandy Golosh, madame's manager of the mine, stopped. "There's the reepest part of the mine, he exclaimed. "And will soon be mine," said Vandal to himself, lighting a cigarette. "Reminds me of Dante," this aloud. "We call madame 'Tiddler,' after the mon who picked up gould and siller," said Sandy; "her real name's Smith." "A widow?" asked Houpla. "Noo, deasarted," replied Sandy.



4. Madame Tiddler dozed. Gold had been coming in in tons, and she was weary with the day's wealth. The whisky remained untouched on the little table before her. Presently the curtains in front of her parted, a human foot grasped the decanter, and withdrew; but not before she had observed a corn on the little toe, which seemed familiar to her.

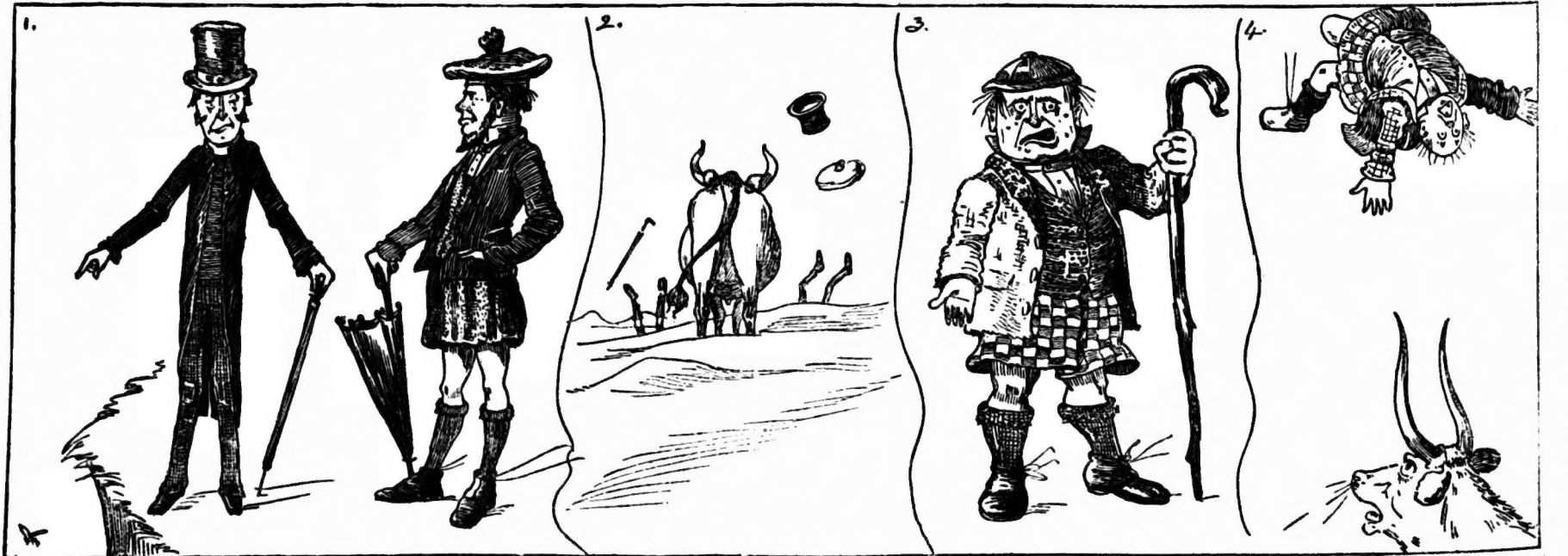


5. Vandal Houpla threw away his cigarette, and seized madame's hand. "Madame Tiddler," said he, using his scintillating eye, "you are rich; I am poor—but what of that?—be my wife!" Madame was about to hastily answer, "Yes," when his dumb companion entered. "Not yet," he cried. "Smith, my husband!" she gasped, "then it was your corn!" and fainted.



6. Smith agreed to make himself scarce, and Houpla came to see him off; but had previously substituted gunpowder in the chest for nuggets. As Smith shoved off, Houpla's lighted cigarette caused an explosion that disposed of Smith, and shook Houpla off the quay into a watery grave. Madame says that marriage is a failure after all.

McSWINE'S TROUBLE.



1. The Meenister was remarking to the dear Elder, "Isn't this a lovely land we live in? nae lions or teegirs, or wild beasts tae—"

2. When McSwine's bun introduced his wretched self most rudely, causing McNab and the Meenister to take the short cut.

3. And McSwine said, "Isn't it awfu' folks wunda let a decent bun alone, fumbling about—"

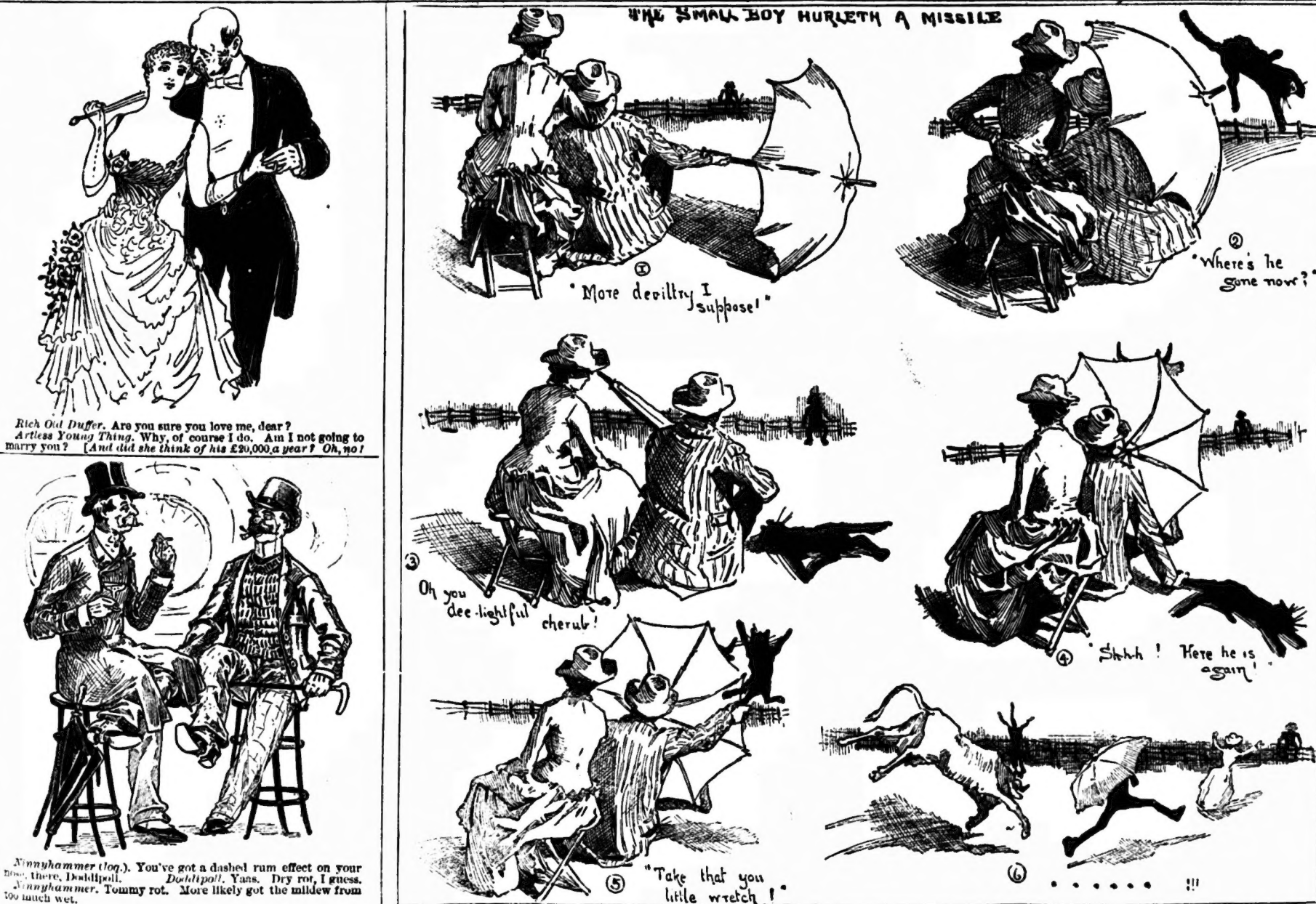
4. "Skyrockets, haggls, and earthquakes!" he panted. "wha kicked me? It must hae been McNab wi' his Sabbath boots on."



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Here I am again. Just cast your eyes on my central picture. There's a modern Claude Melnotte and Pauline, with a vengeance. Well, why shouldn't a girl marry her gardener, if she pleases? Eh? What's that!—not dignified? Bah! Proceed:—A Japanese, the other day, Offended, tried his foe to slay:—What's this? Hallo! Upon my soul, A burglar wears the clothes he stole:—At Bingley Hall our noble Queen Won many prizes, as is seen:—Love's tender passion here we see Depicted as it ought to be:—A lucky place is Waltham Cross; Its welcome gain will prove our loss:—Ah! Robert, lad, thy temper will Thy life with sorrow surely fill:—The Lord Mayor proves a friend in need— What's more, he'll prove a friend in deed. Ta, ta!—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

THE SMALL BOY HURLETH A MISSILE



ALLY-CAMPANE.

THE present year will soon be gone. Old 1888 is quietly dying, uncared for, amidst fogs and rain and general unpleasantness. In all probability he will rally a bit at Christmas time, but the exact day of his death will be December 31st. Out he must go to make room for others. Then comes the birth of the baby 1889, and to please the little chap we all make up our minds to turn over a new leaf, and promise to start life afresh. Some do, some don't. A. SLOPER has improved yearly since



a child, and, ever desirous of improving the position of his fellow creatures, would tender a few words of advice, which can be thought over between this and December 31st. His object in speaking now is to give you time, and so that no one can say afterwards "Oh, SLOPER landed us into this." The advice of the F.O.M. to all is simple enough. If you want to get on in life, buy the "HALF-HOLIDAY" regularly, and success must follow. So the world goes round; those who profit by the voice of experience going up, and those who pay no attention going down, the ladder, and as Mr. What's-his-name used to say:—*Commencing with the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for August 4th, 1888, cut out the first paragraph in "Ally-Campane" from each week's paper, and keep them by you until January 26th, 1889, when you will have twenty-six in your possession. Then post the twenty-six cuttings, with your name and address, to "Sloper's £500 Competition," "THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C., and look in the Number for February 2nd, 1889, for the name and address of the lucky winner of £500. Don't on any account post any of the cuttings until you have the twenty-six—that is, one from each week's "HALF-HOLIDAY," commencing August 4th, 1888, and ending January 26th, 1889.*

A CHARMING and intelligent young lady, named Mademoiselle Popelin, well known in the social world, who has passed the law examinations of the Brussels University, has been granted her diploma. The other day she went before the Brussels Courts and demanded that her name should be inscribed as a member of the Bar. The magistrate declared that he could not grant the request, as the law did not allow of her admission. Two advocates tried to prove that legally Mlle. Popelin was able to plead and act as a lawyer, but it was of no avail.

THE visit of A. SLOPER and suite to the Star Music Hall, Bermondsey, on November 28th, pretty well sent that part of London silly. The excitement and enthusiasm can only be compared to that experienced by the Guards on their return from the Crimean War. The Eminent took the chair and announced the different turns with a professional touch that amazed even Rodney Polglaze, the chairman. The occasion was the benefit of Mr. A. P. Boswell, the renowned equilibrist and furniture remover by appointment to the F.O.M. The evening was stage managed by Mr. E. De Vere, the well-known variety agent, and the now historical bottle of "Unsweated" was passed round with a freedom that almost annihilated the capital orchestra directed by Mr. John Phillips. Harry Anderson, the Sisters Lyster, Tom Fancourt, Nettie Waite, and the Two Mikes, all helped to make up a splendid show, and the family got home without any fatal accidents.

HENRY IRVING is going to attempt the part of Lady Macbeth: Stay! Do not wither us by a glance of scorn. Learn ye, O disbelievers, that we gain this information from no less a source than the *Topical Times*, on whose veracity no one can cast a doubt and live. The following is a cutting from that interesting journal:—"Mrs. Langtry is going to play *Lady Macbeth*. She argues that as Mr. Irving is going to play it in London, she should do it in America." We are not informed whether Ellen Terry is going to enact the part of Macbeth; perhaps "Top" will enlighten us.

AT the invitation of Mr. G. A. Payne the Most-Frequently-Kicked-Out-Man-in-Europe and Family weighed in at the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties a few nights back, and witnessed one of the best entertainments now going in London. Everything was admirable. W. Seward, the nigger minstrel, introduced some very funny business relating to ALLY in his sketch. Paul Martinetti and his American company were at in "A Terrible Night." The Mezzettis caused tremendous excitement with their marvellous triple bar performance. That very "Mysterious Globe" perfectly astonished A. SLOPER with his singular feats, and Sismondi and Vivian, the quartette of ladies, affected the Hon. Billy much. The genial J. A. Tressider was particularly attentive to the illustrious visitors, and the best box in the house was placed at the disposal of the Public Benefactor. The manager of the Canterbury is now spoken of as *Ally-come-Payne*.



FROM the peeress in the stalls to the "pisent" in the gallery, everybody seems to enjoy *Faust up to Date* at the Gaiety. Fresh songs and business have been introduced concerning topics of the day. Martha and Mephistopheles have a very funny duet between them. Marguerite has a new song, and "Good old fourteenth of February" has developed his interpretation of the ancient Roman game of the "Best Two Out of Three" into a most humorous bit of acting. Take the show altogether it can stand being seen three times at least.

THAT well-known cracker manufacturer, Tom Smith, F.O.S., is to the fore again this year with heaps of novelties. A young lady once asked the Eminent, Why is an incurable invalid like a person buying a box of Tom Smith's crackers? Because it is impossible for either of them to get better. Which opinion the F.O.M. readily endorses.

THE Eminent and Mr. Justice Hawkins are old friends, and many a time and oft have they cracked the friendly wheeze together on a Sunday afternoon over the port and walnuts. Perhaps that's why the F.O.M. cannot understand what Henry was thinking about last week. Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., who appeared for the plaintiff in the action of St. Vincent Mercier v. Gilbert Dalziel, said the defendant was proprietor of a paper called "ALLY SLOPER." "What?" interrupted the learned judge. "Allice what?" "ALLY SLOPER, my lord, a male character," replied Mr. Lockwood, with nary a smile on his face. Henry, Henry, and after receiving the "Award of Merit," too! How soon the greatest of us are forgotten.

THE first rush of publishing "ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS" over, the Eminent had time to sit down for a moment or two in the back shop, and to seriously contemplate his marvellous production. They often say that excitement will keep a man up as long as the excitement lasts, but directly quietude comes, a reaction sets in, and trouble follows. So it happened with A. SLOPER directly he realized the magnitude of his operations, he wept on the shoulder of his friend Mr. McGooseley, like a tender-hearted girl does when she is sent off to boarding-school for the first time. With the aid of a little juniper juice, however, they pulled the old man round, and during the day he got better. In the evening he went to a ball at Lord Bulboo's in Park Lane, and on all sides the Eminent heard that Ian Godfrey's "Tootsie" Gavotte had knocked them. Bulboo and Lardi Longsore were spoken of as being perfect in the art of gavotting, and she is now known as the Gay Gavottist. Strange to say, in spite of all this gaiety, "ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS" can be had everywhere, price twopence.

"BYWAYS IN BOOKLAND," by Davenport Adams. Will please all true reading-folk (Messieurs or Madams). 'Tis crammed with smart essays, which none can be mocking—The publisher's famed for his long (Elliot) Stock-ing.

ON Saturday, 15th inst., Dorothy will terminate its career at the Prince of Wales's. It will then be transferred to the new Lyric Theatre, where it will continue its successful run. At the end of three weeks (during which period the Prince of Wales's will be closed for redecoration and repairs,) Mr. Sedger will produce Planquette's new opera, *Paul Jones*, which, from all that is to be gathered, will doubtless prove as big a success as *Dorothy*.

ARE two wives a blessing? Perhaps so, perhaps not; we back the latter. Arthur Gordon Lennox must now be of our opinion—at least we should think so. Arthur was a young man who claims to be connected with the Duke of Richmond's family. He pleaded guilty to bigamy and to attempted suicide. He is 32 years of age, and married on 5th Sept., 1886, a Miss Sellick, under the name of Arthur Gordon Lennox. After their child was born, Mrs. Lennox, finding that her ducky had no means, heartlessly left him and returned to her relations. He was next heard of at Clifton, Bristol. There he married a Miss Emma Ford, in the early part of this year, under the name of Arthur Algonon Lennox, and she, too, had to leave him on account of his want of means. He attempted to take his life. Lennox was sentenced to nine months' hard labour for the bigamy. The wives, it is said, are a very pretty pair.

THE most successful stock season on record at the Marylebone Theatre will terminate on Wednesday, December 21st with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gascoigne's benefit. They will, on that occasion, appear in *She Stoops to Conquer*. The theatre will then close for the production on Christmas Eve of Mr. Gascoigne's pantomime, *Whittington and his Cat*, for which many important engagements have been made.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 22ND, 1888.

16th December, 1798.—Pennant, who died this day, says that there were not fewer than seventeen theatres in London between the years 1570 and 1629. All we know of, however, were thirteen, namely—the Theatre and the Curtain, both in Holywell Lane, Shoreditch; the Blackfriars; the Whitefriars; the Newington; the Rose, the Hope, the Swan, and the Globe, on the Bankside, Southwark; the Fortune, Golden Lane; the Cockpit, or Phoenix, in Drury Lane; and the Red Bull, at the upper end of St. John's Street, Clerkenwell. It must be remembered that before the erection of established theatres, and long afterwards, plays were also acted in the yards of certain inns, such as the Belle Sauvage on Ludgate Hill; the Cross Keys in Gracechurch Street; and the Bull, in Bishopgate Street.

17th December, 1860.—At Kingston Assizes, Joseph Mahony, a sergeant of the 3rd Buffs, this day received sentence of death (afterwards commuted), for poisoning Elizabeth Wollerer, a woman with whom he cohabited, at Guildford. He attempted to commit suicide, and lay for some time in a neglected state beside the corpse in the bed.

17th December, 1844.—A collision occurred this day between the steamers *Sylph* and *Orwell* off Greenwich. The former sank in a few minutes; but with the exception of two, who were drowned, the whole of the passengers got on board the *Orwell*. This vessel was afterwards Garibaldi's yacht.

17th December, 1867.—An explosion of nitro-glycerine occurred this day on Newcastle Moor, whither it had been conveyed from the town to be cast into a waste gully. A policeman and two carters were blown to pieces.

18th December, 1885.—The following extract is from the *Stanford Mercury* of this date:—"At Ketton, on Tuesday, an inquest was held touching the death of Harry Baker, aged twenty-three, who was missed on the night of the 27th of November, after the termination of the polling for the county election, and was believed to have walked into the ford near the stone bridge during the darkness. The river at the time was running strongly, and deceased had no companion with him. The dragging-irons from Stamford were obtained, and a protracted search was made in the river, but without result. However, in obedience to the wish of Baker's mother, a loaf charged with quicksilver (said to be scum from an old looking-glass) was cast upon the waters, and it came to a standstill in the river at the bottom of Mrs. Lewin's field. Here the grappling-hooks were put in, and at four o'clock on Monday afternoon last the corpse was brought to the surface, having been in the water seventeen days. The river at this spot had been drawn several times before. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the evidence."

19th December, 1867.—A newspaper of this date contains the following:—"SURVIVING AN EXECUTION.—The Italian journal relates a most singular story. A soldier, who had deserted and taken to brigandage, was captured and condemned to death. Being brought out to the place of execution, a firing party of five performed their painful duty; and the sergeant commanding them, perceiving that the man was not quite dead, gave him point blank the coup de grace. In the belief that this was really a finishing stroke, the body was handed over to the gravedigger, but as night was approaching, the latter postponed his office until the morning, leaving above ground what he naturally supposed to be a corpse. The unfortunate man, however, was still alive, and the cold night air, by irritating his wounds, revived him. Painfully he dragged himself to the wall of the enclosure, against which he managed to place a ladder which happened to be there, got over, although all bleeding and with his arm broken by the bullets, and delivered himself up as prisoner to the nearest guard-house. The Ministers of War and Justice each claim this resuscitated victim of martial law, but the belief is that he will be pardoned. His wounds are not mortal, and his arm has been reset."

20th December, 1735.—The *Gentleman's Magazine* announces the arrival of a dwarf in England, at this date, from France, who, at the age of forty-six, measured twenty-one inches in height. Domitian exhibited gladiatorial contests between dwarfs and beautiful women, in A.D. 81, and the Roman ladies employed them as domestic servants. Richard Gibson, the painter (1615-1690), a page of the backstairs in the court of Charles I., was called the Dwarf. He married Anne Shepherd, a dwarf also, and the king honoured the wedding with his presence. Each measured three feet ten inches.

"Design or chance makes others wives,
But Nature did this match contrive."
The word dwarf did not originally convey the sense of smallness, but of crookedness and deformity. In the Scandinavian mythology dwarfs were evil and deformed spirits.

21st December, 1639.—Jean Racine, the French dramatist, poet, was born this day. One of his favourite amusements was to watch the carp at their frolics in the large fish-pond of the Tuilleries. The great poet was in the habit of composing his tragedies when taking his walks abroad, and on these occasions he would recite them aloud, with the tones and gestures of an actor on the stage. Standing one day before the fish-pond, he was taken with a sudden fit of inspiration, and, improvising the first scene in the fourth act of his *Phedre*, he was seen to stretch forth his arms towards some imaginary interlocutor, and heard to exclaim, "Ah! what is that I hear! A bold unfeeling traitor! to perpetrate such an outrage on the honour of his father! Cruel destiny, how relentlessly dost thou persecute me! I know not whither I am going! I know not where I am!" The people in the gardens expected every moment to see the orator throw himself into the pond, and laid hands on him to drag him away from the edge of the water. The poet was greatly surprised at this unseemly interruption, but afterwards thanked them profusely for their kindly intentions.

22nd December, 1886.—Mrs. Jacob Eldridge, an old coloured woman, who had been gradually turning white for several years, died at Howell, Mich., on this day. She had been ill several months, but it is not thought that the peculiarly strange change in colour which she underwent had anything to do with her last illness. The greater part of her body was a healthy lily white. Mrs. Eldridge's grandfather was a Guinea man, and her ancestors were full-blooded negroes, as far as is known. The natural colour of Mrs. Eldridge was quite dark, even for her race, and there was nothing peculiarly noticeable about it until she was quite advanced in years. A number of years earlier she noticed a spot of white about the size of a dollar upon her right leg. In the course of a few months other white spots appeared upon various parts of her body, rather more prominent upon her limbs than elsewhere. At time these grew together, until most of her body became white. For the last few years the change appeared to follow the principal nerves, and in time crept up the spinal cord and over her forehead. About the time that the change reached the fore part of her face streaks of white began to appear on each side of her chin, meeting at her mouth.

ALLY SLOPER'S FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants excepted), who should happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom. PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 47.—Mr. W. S. PENLEY, F.O.S.

"After great difficulty, we have been able to gain the following particulars of the life of W. S. Penley. For the benefit of the ignorant, we may say that he is an actor. How he became one we shall proceed to show. Some years ago, our hero, then a poor homeless boy, was wending his way along the river bank, when his attention was suddenly riveted to a struggle in the water; it was a poor duck, that was suddenly seized with an attack of the cramp, and was rapidly sinking. Without a moment's hesitation, our noble hero jumped into the water, and succeeded in rescuing the drowning bird. This so pleased the onlookers that they took him to an oel shop, and insisted on him having a penn'orth of stewed eels. Whilst enjoying the savoury dish, some pepper which happened to be mixed up with the air sought seclusion in his nose. Penley's grimaces were truly ludicrous. An eminent tragedian, who was regaling himself with a penny pie, was immediately struck with his various expressions, and insisted on our hero returning with him to his house in Park Lane. Before a week had elapsed, he was installed as leading comedian at one of our principal London theatres. Chiefly because he is the essence of 'Comedy,' Penley was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him, May 2nd, 1885."—*Debrett improved.*



Old Flashy. Ruined, ruined! An "Old Master" ruined! Slavey. Oh, no! guv'nar—you'll be all right. I won't be too hard on you. It was only an accident!



Bill Sikes, Jun. Copped, by Heaven! Miss Peacatillie. Oh, no! my man—by my parasol, you mean.



He. Would I had a window in my bosom, for you to see my emotion. She. Would not a pain in the chest do as well?

AND YET THEY WERE NOT SATISFIED!



Gertrude. Oh, Harry! it's quite too horrid of you. Here have we been hurrying to dress ourselves, while you have been lounging here all the time. Why, the hunt will be pretty well over before we start. Harry (certainly). It's all right, Gertrude. Luckily, I arranged that you were to have the "brush," whether we were at the hunt or not. So, you see, it will save us the confounded trouble of scampering over the country.



Police Custodian (of Picture Gallery). These floors is 'ighly polished, sir. Mind you don't slip. 'Old Sea Dog. 'Vast heavin' on that tack, young man. No fear o' my slippin'—got a snake in the end o' 'im.



George. What a smell of fire, Nellie! Nellie. Yes; it's only that horrid coat of yours, that I dislike so much, burning. I'm so glad; you'll have to buy another now!

OLD SOLDIERS.



The young willins!! They went and tied a red-herring to a pore old tom-cat's tail and yelled - Yoicks!!



Plees Mr. Untsman the fox hev gone droop 'eie us'll show 'ee.



Hold my oss I'll soon have this varmin's brush.



Wha the dickens is the rounds at round that tree I wonder

Toot-Toot! forrad boys!

The police are on the track of two juvenile horse-stealers with their usual success.